

# THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

Vol. XXI. No. 1

THE BEACON PRESS, INC., BOSTON, MASS.

OCTOBER 5, 1930



## Tony's Terrors

By Helen Holt

“NOW look here, fellows, we have just got to have suits before the game next Saturday morning. All those Westsiders have real football outfits, because Pete says they have, and Pete knows,” said Tony Marietta, the unrecognized leader of the boys in the sixth grade at the Columbia School in the little mining town of Centerville.

“Ah, go on, Tony. The Terriers can’t beat the Westsiders in any old clothes,” stated Johnnie Ferrara, scornfully.

“That’s not the point, Johnnie. We are Americans, even if those fellows do over there do call us ‘hunkies,’ and we don’t want to let them know it. We can beat them all right, but we must look right, too.” Tony looked his team over. Patched coveralls, worn gray sweaters, dirty blue shirts, and faded cotton pants, were topped in most cases by tousled heads and dirty faces. “You can get a new suit, can’t you, Bill?” Tony continued in a pleading voice.

“Nothing doing, Tony. Dad said he couldn’t manage it,” answered Bill Jonta, dejectedly.

And so each of the sturdy black-eyed boys was questioned. In every case the answer was a sad negative. The mines were shut down for the remainder of the month, and money was scarce. Only Tony Marietta, the son of the bus-line owner, could boast of a real football outfit.

In the large vacant lot near the Columbia School Tony’s Terrors practiced whenever they had time. Pete Marietta, Tony’s sixteen-year-old brother, who was the star halfback on the Centerville High School Eleven and fairly worshiped by the neighborhood boys, had condescended

to coach them at irregular intervals.

It was Pete, too, who had arranged for a game between the sixth graders of the Columbia School and the sixth graders from the West Side School.

When Tony gave up hopes of his team providing itself with suits, he went to his father with his trouble, but Mr. Marietta said that business was slow. He could not be persuaded to outfit the team. Tony was in despair.

The next day being Saturday and the great game just one week off, Tony was badly disappointed to find the rain coming down in torrents and football practice impossible. After much thought, he decided, “I will spend the day in the bus with Father. I can earn some money carrying suitcases for people when they transfer from one bus to another.”

The day proved to be a long tiresome one for Tony, and not a very profitable one, either. He had earned only three dimes, and, for the last one, the old lady’s grip had been unusually heavy. After helping her to her destination, Tony hurried back to the bus and slumped down in the seat just vacated. There he twisted and turned, wishing that his father would drive faster so they would get home. To his surprise his hand

came into contact with a small, flat object. As soon as he had it in his hand, he knew it was a bill fold and probably had been dropped by the last occupant of the seat. Glancing about to see if any one was looking, Tony thrust it quickly into his pocket.

“The old lady with the heavy grip,” he thought to himself. “I’ll bet it belongs to her. Let’s see. Her name is Mrs. White and she lives out on West Elm Street. I’ll give it to Father this evening and he can return it to her.”

But stronger than Tony’s resolution to give the bill fold over to his father was something which seemed to say to him, “Keep it. Look it over. Maybe there is enough money in it to outfit the Terrors. That old Mrs. White will never know where she lost it. She don’t need it, anyway.”

So, listening to the voice of temptation, Tony thrust the bill fold deeper in his pocket and said nothing to his father about it.

The trip was finished in suppressed



“But Tony walked straight past the house . . . with the money still in his pocket.”



excitement. As soon as the bus reached the home station, Tony jumped out and rushed home and into his room. He locked the door behind him.

Tony pulled the bill fold from his pocket and examined it with trembling fingers. Sure enough, it belonged to Mrs. White, as he had thought. There was her name in big letters on the inside flap. He took out the money and spread it out on the bed. "Five and five are ten, and five are fifteen, and ten are twenty-five. Five more makes thirty, ten more makes forty, and ten makes fifty," Tony counted. "Fifty dollars. That will buy a dandy outfit for every member of the team. The old Terrors will look like a real football team and not like a crowd of hunkies. That old woman won't miss it either. She lives in a great big place out on West Elm Street. I'll bet she would be glad for us to have this money if she knew how much we needed it."

Tony stuffed the money back into the bill fold and hurried out to find his buddy, Bill Jonta. He thought he would let Bill in on the secret and have some help in the selection of the suits. But Bill was hard to find. He wasn't at home and his mother did not know where he might be.

"Perhaps he is at Johnnie's," thought Tony as he started out again.

But Bill and Johnnie were both hard to find. Johnnie's mother did not know where they had gone.

Strange as it may seem, Tony was somehow glad that he could not find his friends, but was to have a longer time to think over his good luck alone.

"Guess I will just go down to the sporting goods store and see what fifty dollars will buy," he decided.

Tony lingered about the window which was filled with footballs, tennis rackets, baseball bats and many other interesting things, but he did not go in. Something seemed to hold him back. After a bit he decided to walk out West Elm Street and see just what sort of a home Mrs. White really did have.

As Tony passed the home of the owner of the fifty dollars for the second time, he thought to himself, "How funny! I thought she lived in a great big house, but it is not so very big after all. I really ought to stop and give the money to her family. Maybe she needed it for her visit."

But Tony walked straight past the house and started toward home with the money still in his pocket. He did not feel like talking with the family that night, so after a hasty supper he went off to his room and to bed.

Sleep, however, did not come as quickly as usual. Tony had been out of bed several times to make sure that the money was safe before his big brother Pete crawled in beside him. But now that he had to keep quiet, he soon fell

asleep. Sleep was worse than wakefulness, if that was possible. Tony had only just lost consciousness when he began to dream. And such a dream! He could see the old lady sitting by her fire and could hear her moans and prayers as she wondered how she would feed her hungry children. The next moment, she was the haughty lady of West Elm Street, threatening to send Tony Marietta to jail for stealing her money. Then the scene changed, as scenes have a way of doing in dreams, and Tony saw himself proudly presenting his team with lovely new suits all around, but alas, when the Terrors romped out on the ground for the big game, their beautiful suits suddenly turned to rags and their helmets to wreaths of garlic.

As soon as dawn broke in the east, Tony shook off the disturbing slumber, crept softly from his bed so as not to disturb his brother, hurriedly drew on his clothes and tiptoed outside into the crisp early morning air. The fifty dollars was still in his pocket, but it seemed to Tony that it had grown over night to twice its original bulk. Almost without thinking, he directed his steps toward West Elm. After a trip the full length of the street, he returned home to breakfast with the money still in his pocket.

After breakfast, instead of going to Sunday School at the Hilltop Mission, Tony begged a couple of sandwiches of his mother and set off for the woods to gather nuts. Had his mother known that he was going alone, she would have been very much surprised.

Monday brought school again and forced contact with the lusty Terrors. During each of the following five days in the schoolroom, Tony would decide to return the money to its rightful owner, but when his shabby team assembled for practice in the evening, his good resolution would waver. His lessons suffered and his appetite was poor. His ability to carry the ball began to be questioned by his teammates. But when Friday came and with it the last scrimmage before the great game, the Terrors were still without suits and the fifty dollars still reposed in Tony's pocket.

The great day dawned. Tony's Terrors were up and ready for the occasion long before the appointed hour. Each eager face shone from careful scrubbing. Each dark head was slick as comb and water could make it. Since they could not have regulation football suits, they were dressed to the best of their ability in clean, patched clothing of the rougher sort.

At last nine o'clock rolled around and the Terrors were gathered about Pete Marietta receiving last-minute instructions. "Go right for 'em, Tony. Forget about your clothes," Pete told them. "Remember the signal, Bill. When Tony says six, you are to break through the line," and so on to each and every boy

with advice or caution, he went. He ended with, "Now fellows, you've got to fight. Play clean, but play hard. Prove to that dolled-up bunch that you're real Americans."

At last the whistle blew. The Westsiders, clothed in regulation football uniforms, and Tony's Terrors, in motley array, faced each other. The referee placed the ball on the forty-yard line and the Westsiders kicked off. Tony got the ball, but he fumbled it. The Westsiders recovered the ball, and before the Terrors knew what was happening, the score stood six to nothing in favor of the Westsiders. There the score stood for the remainder of the quarter. Tony was desperate. His team could not gain. They seemed lifeless.

"It's that old money," he thought to himself as they paused for breath. Then a happy thought formed in his mind. "I will return the money between halves. Mrs. White lives near. I shall have plenty of time."

The second quarter was no better than the first. The Westsiders scored another touchdown. The score stood at thirteen to nothing when the half ended.

As soon as the gun cracked for the end of the half, Tony dashed out of the field and down the street, up the walk and to the front door of the house that had become so familiar to him during the last dreadful week. He rang the doorbell frantically, and when Mrs. White hurried to the door, a trembling little boy thrust a bill fold into her hand and stammered, "Please, Lady, here is your money. You left it in the bus." Without waiting for her answer, he dashed out of the yard and back to the football field.

Tony had been gone less than five minutes, but he was a different boy when he returned to the wondering Terrors. Instead of the sullen, guilty expression he had worn all week, he looked as if he had fallen heir to a fortune.

"Come on, Terrors," he shouted. "Come on. We'll beat 'em now. We'll show 'em what we can do. We'll show 'em what we are."

Tony's enthusiasm was contagious. His team went back into the game with renewed life. Tony made one spectacular play after another, with his team backing him up in every instance.

When the final gun cracked, the score stood at twenty-four to thirteen, in favor of Tony's Terrors.

"I told you we could beat 'em in any old rags," commented Johnnie Ferrara as they crowded around Tony.

Tony grinned, but to himself he thought, "Yes, we can beat the Westsiders, but that old money came very near to beating me."

Live pure, speak truth, right wrong,  
Else wherefore born?

TENNYSON.



## Little Girl and the Garden

By EMMA FLORENCE BUSH

Little Girl loved the garden at Grandma's. It was big, and filled with such beautiful flowers: Beds of velvety-faced pansies, rows of stately hollyhocks, clusters of sweet mignonette, geraniums of all shades from pure white, or dainty pink and white to deepest crimson; lilies,—yellow, red, and pure white; all the flowers in the world, Little Girl thought were there.

Little Girl had no playmates, for after her dear mother had been taken away she and father had come to grandma's to live, and the nearest little child lived almost two miles away in the village. Father was a fine playmate, but he went to the city every morning on the cars and came back every evening, and all the long day when he was away, Little Girl only had the garden and the flowers.

Hour after hour Little Girl spent among them, resting her soft cheek against their soft petals, and talking to them, until it seemed to her she knew just the message they would tell her. One day Grandma looked up from a long letter from Aunt Sylvia she had been reading, and spoke to Little Girl. "Mary," she said, for that was Little Girl's other name, "your Aunt Sylvia is going to Europe and she is going to send Edith and Helen to spend the whole summer with us."

Oh, how shy and frightened Little Girl felt. She knew that way, way off, lived Aunt Sylvia, and her two cousins, Edith and Helen, for every Christmas she went with father to the stores, and they bought something for them all, and every Christmas on her tree was something for her from them all, but to have them come right there to live with Grandma and the beautiful garden! Little Girl stole off without a word, and hid herself in a great clump of purple iris with golden hearts and cried, and cried and cried.

Father brought them home a week later, and Little Girl, hidden among the flowers, watched them come. Must she share everything with these strangers, dear father, as well as the garden?

But by the time tea was over Little Girl had forgotten all about it, for sweeter, merrier little cousins never little girl had, and the next morning they all started for the garden, happy as larks, and dancing down the paths.

Edith and Helen exclaimed over the lovely garden, and Edith cried, "Oh, Little Girl, what lovely lovely flowers! Do yours have the Sunshine Fairies, too?"

"Sunshine Fairies?" asked Little Girl.

"Yes," explained Edith. "You see we can't have so many flowers as you do, only in our back yard, but we love them and plant and tend them, and watch them grow. We play that when they

open there is a little Sunshine Fairy in the heart of each flower, and she just has to go somewhere, so we pick them and take them to people who need sunshine, old ladies and gentlemen, the children's hospital, and lots of other places."

Little Girl had never heard of such a thing, and had to be told all about them. Then, hand-in-hand, three little girls raced up the path to stand before Grandma and ask her.

"Why, yes," Grandma said, wiping her glasses, and looking at the three little girls. "Yes, indeed, they might have all the flowers they wanted, and she thought Father Dear would take them into the city for them, and leave them at the Children's Hospital which was only a block away from his office."

So twice a week, all summer, the three carefully gathered the flowers, and packed them in damp cotton in paste-

board boxes, and twice a week Father Dear carried them to the hospital, and told the children when he came home at night the stories the sweet-faced nurse who received them told him of how happy they made her sick boys and girls.

And then one day later in September, when the flowers were very few, and Edith and Helen had gone home to Aunt Sylvia, Father Dear came home from the city early, and with him was the sweet-faced nurse, who wasn't a nurse any longer, but little Girl's own new mother; and as Little Girl cuddled down in the gentle arms before bedtime, and laid her sleepy head in the hollow of her shoulder, she knew she would never be lonesome any more, but that the Sunshine Fairies had sent her their very nicest Queen to live with her and with Father Dear always.



## The Barrel Cactus

By GENEVRA A. COWAN

See this hoary, spiny cactus,  
Growing out in desert sands,  
Where dry and scorching winds blow,  
Far from fertile, rainsoaked lands.

It is called a Barrel Cactus,  
And if the top were off,  
From a thin and watery liquid  
A thirsty man might quaff.

The cactus was provided  
By Mother Nature wise,  
With sharp and prickly needles,  
All enemies it defies!

The flowers of this cactus  
Are in hue a greenish-white,  
In springtime when it blossoms,  
'Tis a strange and lovely sight.

## [Goodbye to the Insects

By M. LOUISE C. HASTINGS

When October comes the meadow symphony is about over, yet if we listen we may still hear some of the fiddlers tuning up. Summer has been a busy time, and they have given daily concerts.

The majority of Mother Nature's fiddlers are grasshoppers, and each kind has a tune of his own, though the family song runs through all their music. Have you ever heard these meadow musicians?

The harvest fly sang all through the muggy "dog days" and may still be heard occasionally, giving extra farewell performances. He is the Cicada. He has two musical parts called "chapels," and when spoken of together they are called "the church." Each chapel has a head, or drum, which is pressed in and out.

The best known fiddlers are the crickets. They are the "first violins" in all meadow orchestras, for they fiddle the longest. They begin in July and practice continuously every day until cold weather sets in.

The mosquitoes are fiddlers that many dislike. We do not mind when their music stops, but every mosquito swells the insect orchestra. Flies and beetles hum, bees buzz, and katydids seem to sing. A million bows have filled the air with music for several months. Let us go to those places where their concerts are held, and listen to their farewell symphonies!

Do you know what happens to insects in winter? Many die, but some live over in a state of suspended animation, semi-frozen in the meadow ice, or under stones and logs, or in their ground galleries far from frost and snow. Caterpillars spin cocoons or turn into chrysalids. Some butterflies migrate South. And those insects that die leave their eggs which will hatch out in the springtime. Life is everywhere!



# THE BEACON CLUB

## The Editor's Post Box

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Dear B. C. Members:

Welcome back to our Corner! We are keen to hear where you have been and what interesting things you have seen during our long vacation. Just while we are waiting for your letters to arrive we are using much of the space on your Club page for other articles, but there will be space for your letters when they arrive. Shall we work together to make this the best year yet in our Club? Much depends upon you.

The EDITOR.

P. O. Box 143,  
HINGHAM CENTRE, MASS.

Dear Editor: I go to the Unitarian Church in Hingham. My teacher's name is Miss Berger. I am eight years old and in the third grade. I like *The Beacon* very much. I would like to correspond with some girl of my own age.

Sincerely,

FRANCES A. WALKER.

## Prize Winning Essays on "The Junior Church"

In the First Church of Taunton, Mass., prizes were offered for the best essays on the subject of "The Junior Church: What It is and Why I Attend It." For purposes of judging, the group was divided into two grades,—high-school and grammar-school pupils,—and first and second prizes were awarded to each group. The first prize was a \$5.00 gold piece and the second a \$2.50 gold piece. These prizes were provided by interested members of the congregation.

We take pleasure in publishing in this number the essay of Miss Marjory Waldron, who won the first prize in the high-school group; other essays will be published in later numbers.

"The Junior Church is an organization founded for young people. One of its most important principles is that it keeps the group together, working for a common purpose, rather than splitting it up into five or six small groups, each going its own way. This one large group is divided into committees so that the entire organization includes every

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

149 HIGHLAND ST.,  
MARLBORO, MASS.

Dear Editor: I wish to belong to the Beacon Club. I go to the Unitarian Sunday School and receive *The Beacon* every Sunday. I am seven years old and I am in the second grade at school. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Mrs. Griffin.

Yours truly,

HENRY ADAMS.

333 TURNPIKE ST.,  
EASTONDALE, MASS.

Dear Editor: We go to Unity Church in Eastondale and we get *The Beacon* every Sunday. We like very much to solve the puzzles and we are going to send in a puzzle.

Yours truly,

RHETA (12 yrs.)

NORMA (11 yrs.)

PHYLLIS (9 yrs.)

RUTH (7 yrs.)

Our last name is WATSON.

## Puzzlers

### Anna Gram Says

Scramble each word below, add a letter and make up the new word which is defined.

Scramble SCARE with a G and get elegances of action or speech.

Scramble MARSH with a C and get fascinating qualities.

Scramble NEGRO with an O and get the name of a western state.

Scramble PARSE with an I and get a yearning for that which is nobler.

Scramble TARTS with an I and get a person who paints and draws.

HARVEY PEAKE.

### Numerical Enigma

I am composed of 12 letters and am the title of a poem by John Greenleaf Whittier.

My 2, 5, 6, 3 is a place of industry.

My 9, 7, 4, 1 is saucy.

My 12, 10, 8, 11 is a timid creature.

B. F. B.

### Mr. Colonel

By H. O. SPELMAN

My house is always in a hill,  
I have no feet, but I go to mill;  
I have no dress, but I have silk,  
When very young they say I'm in milk.  
I grow up high like a standing spear,  
I always have at least one ear;  
You pop me when you shake me round,  
I am not land, but I'm sometimes ground.

### Anagram

Rearrange the letters in the following phrase and get three famous colors.

WE RIB THE DUAL

THE BEACON is published weekly from the first Sunday of October to the first Sunday of June, by THE BEACON PRESS, INC., 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. Distributed also at 285 Madison Ave., New York City; 105 S. Dearborn St., Chicago; 2416 Allston Way, Berkeley, Calif.

Single subscription, 60 cents.

School subscription, 50 cents.

Entered at the Boston Post-Office as second-class matter. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on September 13, 1913.

Printed in U. S. A.